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MORESCO MINSTRELSY.—No. 1.

ROMANCE OF CELIN ANDALLA.

(From the Spanish.)

BY JOSEPH SNOW.

[The hero of this most melancholy and patriotic piece has been already introduced to the English public, through the medium of Mr. Lockhart's elegant and spirited version of the last ballad of a series of which this happens to be the first. They relate principally to the banishment and death of this unfortunate and gifted Moor, and depend upon each other so much, that the presence of one unaccompanied by or without some expectation of those preceding or following it, must ever affect the reader of taste, acquainted with the original, rather painfully. The separation of a single ballad from the series, as in the case of Mr. Lockhart's most beautiful translation, strikes me in the same manner as a member of the human body would do, were I to see it severed from the trunk. Exquisitely formed and finished it may be; but still any thing but agreeable to look on in its separate state.

The present version is offered to the public, not with any design of rivalling Mr. Lockhart, but with a view of laying open to the mere English reader, perhaps some of the most valuable romances, or ballads, in the entire wide range of the Spanish tongue; and this, too, whether we consider them with respect to their power and grandeur, or their simplicity and perfect artlessness.]

Upon the haughty towers and high of his beloved town,
 From far the exile Celin, looks, whilst sorrow weighs him down—
 A sorrow that forbids him hope to see them ever more,
 And makes him thus, midst sighs and tears, his farewell parting pour :
 " Oh, stateliest star of heaven ! Granada, beauteous, bright,
 " Oh, list thee to my wail, and look the tears that dim my sight.

" Oh, fertile plain, that to the wind thy balmy tribute pays,
 " In such a vast variety as decks thy flowery maze ;
 " Green groves of Genil, lovely lawns where stately dames disport,
 " Thou glory of our Moorish men, in country or in court,
 " Oh, stateliest star of heaven ! Granada, beauteous, bright,
 " Oh, list thee to my wail, and look the tears that dim my sight.

" Ye sparkling streams that swell and sweep through the Generalifé's meads,
 " Awakening into life and light all sweet and slumbering seeds ;
 " Oh, take the tears that now I drop, with love, unto thy breast,
 " They're from a heart that far from thee may never more know rest ;
 " Oh, stateliest star of heaven ! Granada, beauteous, bright,
 " Oh, list thee to my wail ; Oh, look the tears that dim my sight.

" Fresh breeze and bland that bloweth from heaven, to fan the fainting flowers,
 " God grant thee strength!—when that you reach Granada's beauteous bowers ;
 " The sighs I now fling forth on thee, to her, Oh ! faithful give,
 " And whisper, as you breathe them, how her banished son must grieve ;
 " Oh, stateliest star of heaven ! Granada, beauteous, bright,
 " Oh, list thee to my wail ; Oh, look the tears that dim my sight !"

July, 1830.